

How He Fooled Her

By Max Adeler.

Bungay, the real estate agent over at Pencader, suspected that Mrs. Bungay didn't care as much for him as she ought to. So one day he went up to the city after leaving word that he would be gone two or three days. While there he arranged with a friend to send a telegram to his wife at a certain hour announcing that he had been run over on the railroad and killed. Then Bungay came home and, slipping into the house unperceived, he secreted himself in the closet in the sitting room to await the arrival of the telegram and to see how Mrs. Bungay took it. After awhile it came, and he saw the servant girl give it to his wife. She opened it, and as she read it she gave one little start. Then Bungay saw a smile gradually overspread her features. She rang for the girl and when the servant came Mrs. Bungay said to her:

"Mary, Mr. Bungay's been killed. I've just got the news. I reckon I'll have to put on black for him, though I hate to give up my new bonnet for mourning. You just go round to the milliner's and ask her to fetch me up some of the latest styles of widows' bonnets, and then bring the undertaker here."

While Mrs. Bungay was waiting she smiled continually, and once or twice she danced around the room and stood in front of the looking-glass, and Bungay heard her murmur to herself:

"I ain't such a bad-looking woman, either. I wonder what James will think of me."

"James!" thought Bungay, as his widow took her seat and sang softly, as if she felt particularly happy. "Who's the thunder's James? She certainly can't mean that infamous old undertaker, Toombs? His name's James and he's a widower; but it's preposterous to suppose that she cares for him, or is going to prowl after any man for a husband as quick as this."

While he brooded in horror over the thought, Mr. Toombs arrived. The widow said:

"Mr. Toombs, Bungay is dead; run over by a locomotive and chopped all up."

"Very sorry to hear it, madam; I sympathize with you in your affliction."

"Thank you; it is pretty sad. But I don't worry much. Bungay was a poor sort of a man to get along with; and now that he's gone I'm going to stand it without crying my eyes out. We'll have to bury him, I s'pose, though?"

"That is the usual thing to do in such cases."

"Well, I want you to tend to it for me. I reckon the coroner'll have to sit on him first. But when they get through, if you'll just collect the pieces and shake him into some kind of a bag and pack him into a coffin, I'll be obliged."

"Certainly, Mrs. Bungay."

"I will attend to it."

"And, Mr. Toombs, there is another matter. Mr. Bungay's life was insured for about \$20,000, and I want to get it as soon as possible, and when I get it I shall think of marrying again."

"Indeed, madam?"

"Yes; and can you think of anybody who'll suit me?"

"I dunno, I might. Twenty thousand, you say he left?"

"Twenty thousand—yes. Now, Mr. Toombs, you'll think me bold, but I only tell the honest truth when I say that I prefer a widower, and a man who is about middle-aged, and in some business connected with the cemeteries."

"How would an undertaker suit you?"

"I think very well, if I could find one. I often told Bungay that I wished he was an undertaker."

"Well, Mrs. Bungay, it's a little kinder sudden; I haven't thought much about it; and old Bungay's hardly got fairly settled in the world of the hereafter; but business is business, and if you must have an undertaker to love you and look after that life insurance money, it appears to me that I am just about that kind of a man. Will you take me?"

"Oh, James! fold me to your bosom!"

James was just about to fold her when Bungay, white with rage, burst from the closet, and exclaimed:

"Unhand her, villain! Touch that woman and you die! Leave this house at once, or I'll brain you with the poker! And as for you, Mrs. Bungay, you can pack up your duds and quit. I've done with you; I know now that you are a cold-hearted, faithless, abominable wretch! Go, and go at once! I did this to try you, and my eyes are opened."

"I know you did, and I concluded to pay you in your own coin."

"That's too thin. It won't hold water."

"It's true, anyhow. You told Mr. Magill you were going to do it, and he told me."

"He did, hey? I'll bust the head off of him."

"When you are really dead I will be a good deal more sorry, provided you don't make such a fool of yourself while you're alive."

"Of course?"

"Of course."

"And you won't marry Toombs? Where is that man Toombs? By George, I'll go for him now! He was mighty hungry for that life insurance money!"

Then Bungay left to call upon Toombs, and when he returned he dropped the subject. He has drawn up his will so that his wife is cut off with a dollar if she employs Toombs as the undertaker.

Most Economical.

House-hunter—I thought you said this house was a perfect gem?

Agent—Indeed it is, madam.

"Why, the ceilings are very low."

"That's so; they'll be easy to keep clean."

"And the windows are dreadfully small."

"To keep the sun from fading the carpets."

"And there is no bathroom."

"That's to save soap, madam."—Royal Magazine.

When you differ with a man he is wrong, of course.

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GOOD HATS

The kind that fit the head and always holds its color. All shapes, and just a little ahead of them all in style.

"Who brought the first green hat in Youngstown?"

"Why Hartzell's, of course."

Blue, black, green, brown, grey.

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GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

By Harriet L. Stowell.

"A lady to see you, General!"

The man who was writing at the rough wooden table glanced up immediately. "Impossible, Sergeant Ames! I cannot be disturbed to-night."

Outside a storm was raging. The wind whistled and howled around the barracks, the rain poured from the sky in seemingly endless torrents and occasionally a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the country for miles around. The general's hand flew over the paper and his brow was knitted in a deep frown. He was unmindful of the storm outside, mindful of all save the work before him. There had been a time—

—but that was ten years ago—when love had ruled his life. Now ambition had possession of his very soul and his one desire was to make a name for himself in the world.

"Beg pardon for interrupting you again, general."

"Out with it man! I've no time to spare. What's the trouble now?"

"The lady is very persistent about seeing you, sir, and I've not the heart to turn her out in this storm, she's so little and frail looking."

The general glanced sharply at Sergeant Ames, worried face, a curious light in his keen blue eyes. "Show her in!" he said abruptly, at last.

The door opened slowly and a woman stepped into the room.

"Beth!" It was breathed, rather than spoken, but she heard, and a little sob broke from her white lips. "You—you will spare his life!"

General Durfield's blue eyes gleamed, and his mouth settled in a firm, cruel line. "Ten years ago you were my promised wife and he stole you from me. You loved me before he came into our lives, and now his punishment has fallen on him."

The woman had come close to him now her eyes fixed upon his face in sudden terror. "You will let them shoot him?" she cried, wildly. "Oh, God, it can't be true! It must not—must not be! You can save him if you will—I know you can. I was once dear to you—you loved me, perhaps, even as I love him. Think of me now as the girl you used to care for, give him back to me!"

General Durfield turned his eyes away from her pleading face and said coldly, "You ruined my life ten years ago. All pity—all love is dead within me. Your husband is sentenced to death to-morrow morning and I shall do nothing to prevent the execution."

The woman's eyes grew big and hopeless, and a little gasping sob broke from her lips. "Perhaps if you could see our little one—"

"There is a child?" The words came slowly and with visible effort, and the general's rugged face looked wonderfully tender in the lamplight.

The woman evidently recognized the note of sympathy in his voice, Beth?" he asked abruptly.

"He has always been good to you Beth?" he asked abruptly.

A shade of weariness crossed the woman's face, making it look suddenly old. "I love him!" she said.

swered, with a note of finality in her voice which the man was quick to understand.

"He is the only man you could ever love?" he questioned, eagerly. "You could never care for me again—after—after some years, perhaps?"

He caught her hand in his own and she saw the reawakened love in his eyes.

"There could be no other man for me but Jim!" she said, quietly, drawing her hand away.

A long, painful silence—then the general spoke. "If I found a way to save your husband's life—if I gave him back to you and the little one—would you remember me with thoughts of kindness?"

His companion stared at him for a moment, as if unable to realize the full meaning of his words—then she held out her hand to him. "I wronged you ten years ago, Tom. I ask your forgiveness. I can only say that my love for him deadened all sense of honor. If you give him back to me you will always be my dearest and truest friend in the whole world!"

General Durfield rose to his feet, slowly and with apparent weariness. "That is all I ask, Beth. I thought my love for you was dead, but it is here, stronger than ever. Your husband's life will be spared, and in the happy days which will follow for you both think of me once in a while and now that I loved you as few are loved. In an hour he will meet you at the bridge, dressed in this uniform I am wearing. Your first thought must be to get out of this country, which will always be a forbidden land to you both. You must leave me now—there is much to be done in the next hour. God bless you and keep you happy!"

The sun was just rising over the hills when the guns were leveled at the blindfolded figure standing motionless on the little mound of grass. A sudden roar and blinding flash of light, and the condemned man toppled to the ground without a cry. They gathered around him and one soldier bent over and untied the black handkerchief. One look into the still white face, over which the shadows of death were already settling, and out upon the crisp morning air rang a cry that reached every corner of the post: "My God, men it's the general!"

Charlie Loyday—Um—ah—er—er—He! he!

Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.—Spare Moments.

Provision for Fertility.

All plants are so arranged that while the insects they attract are drinking their honey, the pollen powder is either being scattered over their bodies to be taken to another plant, or the pollen already scattered on the insect is being swept off by the stigmas of the seed boxes.

The Only News.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is—the river has 'ris an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke fall an' his right leg; also lightnin' killed yer two mules ten minutes 'fore the sheriff came to levy on 'em!"

HE WAVED AT "ANYTHING."

Now The Young Lady And The Editor Are At Daggers Points.

Editor E. A. Eaton of the Idaho Springs Siftings—ews is responsible for this story. He says that there is a popular conductor on the Colorado & Southern whose run takes him through Idaho Springs every day and who always waves at the townspeople. In order that no one will know who the conductor is, Editor Eaton gives his initials only. They are Pat. In the office of the Siftings-News is a young woman who used to go to the window each day and receive a wave from the conductor. One day she said to the editor:

"That conductor is a mighty pleasant man. He always waves to me when his train passes."

"Fool!" replied Eaton. "He'd wave at anything."

"He would not," replied the girl, hotly.

"I'll show you," said Eaton. Thereupon he got the office broom and dressed it up to look like a woman. He stood it up in the window and then they waited for the train. It finally came along with the conductor on the platform. As it passed the Sifting-News office the conductor smiled and waved at the broom with both hands.

The girl hasn't spoken to the editor since, except when absolutely necessary.—Denver Post.

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality they are all one symptom caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and herbs, and is free from all effects in any condition of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve-line "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One is three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

OUR BIG SALE

Lasts Until Saturday Night, Oct. 17

Every day during this time some new bargains will be offered in addition to the ones already advertised. We aim to have every person within 20 miles of Columbiana visit our store. We offer these extra values as an inducement to have you come and see what we have to offer. Buying in the way we do and having a small expense to handle goods, gives us an opportunity to name prices on the finest of merchandise that no dealer in a larger town dare try to meet. His expense will not permit it. Note the following.

Ladies' and Misses' Wraps and Suits

All new up-to-date "Wooltex" and two other well known factory lines. In order to induce early buying we will offer special inducements during this sale, and urge you to at least give us a look for we are sure to please you.

Suits \$13.98 to \$39.50.

Cloaks \$5 to \$40.

Skirts \$3.98 to \$18.

Children's Coats \$1.98 to \$12.

Infants' Coats \$1.25 to \$6.50.

We carry the largest and finest selection in Eastern Ohio.

All alterations made free of cost.

Garments made special to your order.

We guarantee a saving of \$3 to \$8 on every garment. A look here will convince you.

Blankets

The best the mills produce, not the little half sized kind, but all full sized.

10-4 grey, made to sell at 85c, only 65c pair.

11-4 grey, made to sell at \$1.25, only 85c pair.

Only 100 pairs.

11-4 white, made to sell at \$1.25, only 85c pair.

12-4 grey, fine as wool, extra good, worth \$3.72, sale price \$1.89.

Wool, in all colors, plaids, etc., \$4 to \$8.50.

Wool fillers for comforts, best made, \$3.75.

Fascinators and Newport

All colors, shapes and grades, 25c to \$1.50.

Hosiery and Underwear

The best the mills in the country produce, at a lower price Quality considered, than anywhere else.

Children's fleeced, all sizes, 10c, 15c, 25c.

Children's fine ribbed wool, 35c, to 65c.

Ladies' fine fleeced Hose, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Ladies' fine wool Hose, 25c, 35c, 50c.

The best 15c Child's school Hose on earth.

Ladies' fleeced Underwear, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Ladies' wool Underwear, natural, ribbed or white, \$1.

Ladies' Union Suits, 25c to \$2.50.

Children's fleeced Underwear, 12c to 35c.

Children's wool fleeced Underwear, 20c to 65c.

Children's natural wool Underwear, 20c to 65c.

Children's Union Suits, 25c to 75c.

Boys' heavy fleeced Underwear, 25c.

Children's black Underwear.

Domestics

10,000 yards Simpson's grey, black and blue Calico, 5c yard.

5,000 yards Lancaster Gingham only 5c yard.

2 bales good 7c Unbleached Huslin, 4 3/4c yard.

Best 10c Bleached Muslin, 9c.

20 pieces plaid Dress Goods, worth 25c, sale price 10c.

10 pieces 15c Challie, sale price 4c.

2 pieces 12 1/2c ticking, only 8c.

Yarns

Fleisher's German Knitting Yarn, 25c skein.

Fleisher's Shetland Floss, all colors, 85c box.

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